



LEXINGTON, MISSISSIPPI.

Saturday, December 23, 1843.

In order to give the boys at work in our office an opportunity of enjoying the Christmas Holydays, there will be no paper published next week; during the time an advertising sheet will be published. We wish our readers a merry Christmas.

## DEMOCRATIC MEETING.

We would suggest to our Democratic friends of Holmes, the propriety of holding a meeting on the first Monday of January next, to select delegates to the State Convention to be held at Jackson. We have conferred with a good many who think that it would be a suitable time. This is an important matter, and should not be overlooked. The Convention will meet for the purpose of appointing delegates to the National Convention.

by we may assist and benefit a fellow being. To produce smiles and gladness, instead of weeping and sorrow, is certainly a christian act. How greatly do we err, when indulging in an acrimonious bitter temper towards those whom we imagine have injured and offended us. It may be, and probably is, true, that they are mistaken in relation to the supposed injury. We ought not, as we too often do, seek to bite and to devour one another. If we would reflect credit upon ourselves, and confer honor upon humanity, we must be charitable and forgiving. Relieved as society is, in such a great measure, from the dreadful evil and curse of intemperance, and enjoying as we do, exemption from one of the most injurious practices that ever obtained among men, it seems to be our duty more than ever to aim at a high standard of moral excellence. Not only should we speak no evil of one another, but we should endeavor to do good to all. The means of usefulness we are furnished with; the object upon which they may be brought to bear, and upon which good may be produced, do constantly surround us. Let us, therefore, study to render our fellow services that will be gratifying and acceptable; let us learn to forgive one another faults that have been committed, & to be kind, gentle and courteous to each other. Unless mutual concession is made, and mutual forbearance exercised, much happiness will be lost.

## THE UNEXPECTED FRIEND.

"It must be my child!" said the poor widow, wiping away the tears which slowly trickled down her wasted cheeks. "There is no other resource. I am too sick to work, and cannot, surely, see me and your little brother starve. Try and beg a few shillings, and perhaps by the time that is gone, I may be better. Go Henry, my dear, I grieve to send you on such an errand, but it must be so."

The boy, a noble looking little fellow of about ten years, started up and throwing his arms about his mother's neck, left the house without a word. He did not near the groan of an anguish that was uttered by his parents as the door closed behind him; and it was well that he did not, for his little heart was ready to break without it. It was a by-street in Philadelphia, and he walked to and fro on the side walk, he looked at one person and then at another, as they passed him, and the longer he waited, the faster his courage dwindled away, and the more difficult it became to beg. The tears were running fast down his cheeks but nobody noticed him, or if they did, nobody seemed to care; for although clean Henry looked poor and miserable, and it is common for the poor and miserable to cry!

Every body seemed in a hurry, and the poor boy was quite in despair, when at last he espied a gentl man who seemed to be very leisurely taking a walk. He was dressed in black wore a three-cornered hat, and a face that was as mild and benignant as an angel's. Somehow when Henry looked at him, he felt all his fears vanish at once, and instantly approached him. His tears had been flowing so long, that his eyes were quite red and swollen, and his voice trembled—but that was with weakness, for he had not eaten anything for twenty-four hours. As Henry with a low faltering voice, begged for a little charity, the gentleman stopped and his heart melted with compassion when he looked into the countenance of the boy, and saw the deep blush which spread over his face, and listened to the modest humble tones which accompanied his petition.

"You do not like a boy that has been accustomed to beg his bread," said he kindly laying his hand on the boy's shoulder; "what has driven you to this step?" "Indeed," answered Henry, his tears beginning to flow afresh, "indeed I was born in this condition. But the misfortunes of my father, and the sickness my mother, has brought me to necessity now."

"Who is your father?" inquired the gentleman still more interested.

"My father was a rich merchant of this city; but he became bondsman for a friend, who soon after failed, and he was entirely ruined. He could not live after this loss, and in one month he died of grief, and his death was more dreadful than any other trouble. My mother my little brother, and myself, soon sunk in the lowest depths of poverty. My mother has, until now, managed to support herself & my brother by her labor, and I have earned what I could by shovelling snow and other work that I could find to do. But, night before last, mother was taken very sick, and she has since become so much worse that—here the tears poured faster than ever—"I do fear she will die. I cannot think of any way in the world to help her. I have not had any work to do for several weeks. I have not had the courage to go to any of my mother's old acquaintances, and tell them that she had come to need charity. I thought you looked like a stranger sir, and something in your face overcame my shame and gave me courage to speak to you. O, sir, do pity my poor mother!"

The tears, and the simple and touching language of the poor boy, touched a chord in the breast of the stranger that was accustomed to frequent vibrations.

"Where does your mother live, my boy?" said he in a husky voice, "is it far from here?"

"She lives in the last house in this street, sir," replied Henry. "You can see it from here, in the third block and on the left side."

"Have you sent for a physician?" "No sir," said the boy sorrowfully, shaking his head. "I had no money to pay for a physician nor for the medicine."

"Here," said the stranger, drawing some pieces of silver from his pocket, "here are three dollars, take them and run immediately for a physician."

Henry's eyes flashed with gratitude—he received the money with a shattering and almost inaudible voice, but with a look of the warmest gratitude and vanished.

The benevolent stranger immediately sought the dwelling of the sick widow. He entered a little room, in which he could see nothing but a few implements of female labor—a miserable table, an old broken chair, and a little bed which stood in one corner, on which the invalid lay.

She appeared weak, and almost exhausted; and on the bed at her feet sat a little boy crying as if his heart would break.

Deeply moved at this sight, the stranger drew near the bedside of the invalid, and, failing to be a physician, inquired into the nature of her disease. The symptoms were explained in a few words, when the widow, with a deep sigh, added, "O, sir, my sickness has a deeper cause, and one which is beyond the art of the physician to cure. I am a mother—a wretched mother—I see my children sinking daily deeper in misery and want, which I have no means of relieving. My sickness is of the heart, and death alone can end my sorrows; but even death is dreadful to me, for it awakens the thought of the misery into which my children would be plunged if—"

Her emotion choked her utterance, and the tears flowed unheeded down her cheeks. But the pretended physician spoke so consoling to her, and manifested so warm a sympathy for her condition, that the heart of the poor woman throbbled with pleasure unawakened.

"Do not despair," said the benevolent stranger, "think only of recovery, and of preserving a life that is so precious to your children. Can I write a prescription for you?"

The poor widow, took a little prayer book from the head of her bed, and sat with her on the bed, and looking on a blank leaf, "I have no other paper," said she "but perhaps this will do."

The stranger took a pencil from his pocket, and wrote a few lines on the paper.

"This prescription," said he, "you will find of great service to you. If it is necessary I will write you a second. I have great hopes of your recovery."

He laid the paper on the table and left the house. Scarcely had he gone when the elder son returned.

"Cheer up, dear mother," said he, going to her bedside and affectionately kissing her—

"See what a kind, benevolent stranger has given us. It will make us rich for several days. It has enabled us to have a new physician, and he will be here in a moment. Compose yourself, dear mother and take courage."

"Come nearer, my son," answered the mother, looking with pride and affection on her child, come nearer, that I may bless you. God never forsakes the innocent & the good. O my He still watches over you in all your path! A physician has been here. He was a stranger, but he spoke to me with a kindness and compassion that were a balm to my heart. When he went away he left that prescription on the table can you read it?"

Henry glanced at the paper & started back—he took it up, and as he read it through again and again, a cry of wonder and astonishment escaped him.

"What is it my son?" exclaimed the poor widow, trembling with an apprehension of she knew not what.

"Ah, read mother! God has heard us," said the mother, took the paper from the hand of her son, but no sooner had she fixed her eyes upon it, than "my God she exclaimed, "it is Washington!" and fell back fainting upon her pillow.

The writing was an obligation from Washington, (for it was indeed he,) by which the widow was to receive the sum of one hundred dollars, from his own private property, to be doubled in case of necessity.

Meanwhile, the expected physician made his appearance, and soon awoke the mother from her fainting fit. The joyful surprise, together with a good nurse with which the physician provided her, and a plenty of wholesome food soon restored her to perfect health. The influence of Washington, who visited them more than once, provided for the widow friends who furnished her with constant and profitable enjoyments, and her son, when they had arrived at the proper situations, they were not only able to support themselves, but to render the remainder of their mother's life comfortable and happy.

Let the children who read this story remember, when they think of the great and good WASHINGTON, that he was not above entering the dwelling of poverty, and carrying joy and gladness to its inmates. This is no fictitious tale, but it is only one out of a thousand incidents which might be related, and which stamp him one of the best of men.

## A GALLERY OF LOCOFOCOS.

Gen. Washington in a letter to Mr. Store of Maryland, said:

"I do not scruple to declare that, if I had a vote in your Legislature, it would be given decidedly against paper emission, upon the general principle of its utility as a representative of coin, or the necessity of it as a medium."

In another letter, to Thomas Jefferson, Washington calls the paper system "foolish and wicked." In another letter, he says, "I have never heard and hope I shall never hear, any serious mention of a paper currency in the State. I do verily believe that the greatest foes that we have in the world could not devise a more effectual plan for the ruin of Virginia."

Mr. Jefferson was, if possible still more hostile to paper money than Gen. Washington; and he avows in his writings, that "his hostility was strengthened by every year's reflection and experience."

Mr. Madison, in the 44th number of the Federalist, one of his acknowledged productions, in a long article on the subject of the currency, has this passage:

"In addition to all these persuasive considerations, it may be observed, that the reasons which show the necessity of denying to the States the power of regulating coin, prove with equal force that they ought not to be at liberty to substitute a paper medium in the place of coin."

Patrick Henry represented paper money as "a nefarious plan of speculating."

Dr. Witherspoon was a powerful opponent to the paper money system, and ridiculed the idea that a bank made money more plentiful. He compared all such attempts to increase the currency, to "pouring water into a jar of oil;" when, as he said, the oil would run away and the water remain.

Later Martin of Maryland, says that the majority of the convention that formed the Constitution of the United States, were so smitten with the paper money dream, that they negatived every proposition to permit either the States or the Government to emit bills of credit, by a vote of nine States to two.

Daniel Webster, the god-like, whose authority the whigs cannot, and the conservatives dare not touch, says: "The most effectual of all contrivances for cheating the laboring classes of mankind, and for fertilizing the rich man's field by the sweat of the poor man's brow, is the State banking system."

Henry Clay, the "available, who is as high authority with the Whigs and Conservative forces as the god-like himself, said in the year 1811, when opposing the bank charter:

"What is a corporation, such as the bill contemplates? It is a splendid association of favored individuals from the mass of society, and vested with exclusive privileges. Where is the limitation upon this power to set up corporations? You establish one in the heart of a State, the basis of whose capital shall consist of land, slaves, personal estate, and thus the whole property within the jurisdiction of a State might be absorbed by these political bodies. The existing bank contends that it is beyond the power of the State to tax it; and if this pretension be well founded, it is in the power of Congress, by chartering companies, to dry up all the resources of a State revenue."

## NOBILITY OF LABOR.

If there is, as many believe, evidence of an improving improvement in society, it is to be found in the rank which honest labor is taking among us. We are at last getting rid of those pernicious notions, which owe their existence to feudal times, when the many were slaves to the few, that it is ignoble to work. In crime, idleness and wide-spread ruin, we have learned this awful result of idleness and that wretched pride the father of it. What a cruel rent state would we now be in, if the wholesome maxims calculated fifty years ago had not been forgotten! Then it was deemed wise for every young man to have trade, by which with his own arms he could earn an honest livelihood. Even the wealthy obliged their children to have a knowledge of some mechanical art as a guarantee against the reverses which might come upon them. And if the same plan were to be adopted again great and glorious would be the result.

The polite profession, as they are termed, seem to have too many charms for our young men. There are lawyers enough in this city to involve the whole world in legal quarrel; the profession is absolutely crowded, and not more than one half can possibly gain a living by the business; there are physicians enough to cup old mother earth into chaos; there ministers enough to preach the gospel to half a million of men, instead of sixty three thousand.

The fact is; law medicine and theology are too often the skulking places for lazy proud people to hide in. They have a profession, a genteel one, and that saves the poorer part of them from being called loafers, and gives the rich portion the pleasing titles of Reverend, Doctor, and Squire. Now, ministers and doctors are wanted, we grant. And so are lawyers, (alas, that it is so!) but every one who does not by his profession make an honest living, is not wanted, and should turn his

attention to something else. The world should be no greater than the demand; a leech sucking the great arteries of the community. For all these purposes, which our animal nature demands, we do not raise a house nor plan a field, but on the contrary they live off these things. It is the mechanic and farmer who do these things; they support no more laborers absolutely needed. All over that others industry, without return.

The world is beginning to understand this better. The law of God is sternly enforced. Thou shalt earn thy bread with the sweat of thy brow is the command, and the blessing accompanies it. Every man, who labors with his own hand in any calling that benefits himself and fellow man, is a nobleman, for he performs his duty to his maker and his day to his race! He who builds up cities, and keeps together remote nations, and gathers treasurers of the soul, by his labor, is greater than all the princes and titled schemers who have robbed and oppressed him. In the learned laborer alone can we look for the nobility.—*Ed. Message.*

## AUNT PEGGY.

Aunt Peggy tended

In a snug little cot,

By the side of Goose River

Content with her lot;

She'd ducks, and she'd chickens,

A cat and a dog;

A nice brindle heifer,

A monstrous fat hog.

Though forty and eight,

She was not afraid

Of ever becoming

A deserted old maid;

For she'd golden streams

In south not a few—

And a host of admirers

But no one "would do."

Old Time at length scattered

On her caput grey hairs,

And her face became wrinkled

With years—not with care.

As she looked to her mirror

And found age creeping on,

She thought of her lovers,

But all they were gone.

'Twas night; and she'd seated

To her window she crept,

Where she sigh'd, and she sigh'd

But never a wink slept.

There she wept to her bosom,

The first offer she'd take;

And vowed that this promise

She never would break.

There appeared a sudden,

As she stole from a door,

A dark colored squire

In a suit of black clothes.

She started aghast,

And set up in awe:

Then faded and staggered

As still as a dead.

"I'm here," said the stranger,

"To pay my respects;

'Tis your pen in I see fit,

Not your gold nor effluence."

There was no resisting

The offer, though evil—

And so my Aunt Peggy

Eloped with—the DEVIL

Squire, G.

## TIMING IT.

A minister in the Highlands of Scotland found one of his parishioners in a state of intoxication. The next day he called upon him to prove him for it.

"It's very wrong to get drunk," said the minister.

"I ken that," said the guilty parishioner, "theo I dinna drink as much as you do, but I dinna drink at all."

"What sir! how is that?" asked the minister in surprise.

"Why, gin it ye," continued the parishioner, "dinna ye ney take glass o' whiskey water after dinner?"

"Why yes, Sandy, to be sure I do take a little whiskey after dinner, merely for digestion."

"An dinna take ye take a glass o' key toddy at every night, before ye go to bed?"

"Yes to be sure, I just take a little toddy at night to help me sleep."

"Well," continued the parishioner, "is just fourteen glasses a week, and I'm sixty years old. I only get drunk once a month, and then I'd take a glass, it wad make me dead drunk a week; now the only difference is ye take it better than I do."

This is pretty much the view many people take of this matter; a minister, drinker may talk to his drunken parishioners till dooms day, but he will never make him a sober man so long as he himself is drunk.